

When daffodils begin to peer

Shakespeare

Song of Autolycus (from THE WINTER'S TALE, Act 4, Scene 3)

Daniel Vimont

At a happy hiking tempo...



When daf - fo-dils be- gin to peer, With hey the do - xy o-ver the dale, Why then comes in the

6



sweet o' the year, For the red blood reigns in the win-ter's pale. The white sheet blea - ching

10



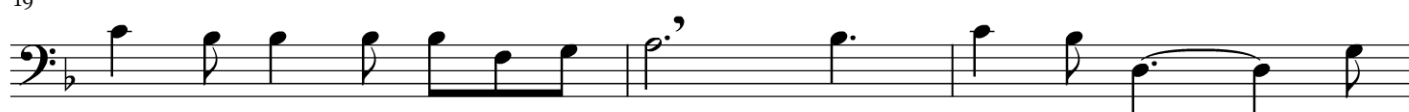
-on the hedge, With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing! Doth set my pug - ging tooth an edge, For a

15



quart of ale is a dish for a king. The lark, that tir - ra - lir - ra chants, With

19



heigh, with heigh, the thrush and the jay, Are sum - mer songs for

22

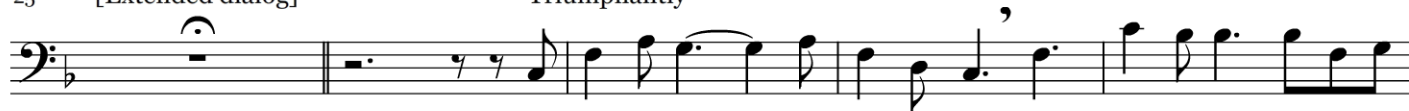


me and my aunts, while we lie tum - bling in the hay.

25

[Extended dialog]

Triumphantly



Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And mer - ri - ly hent the stile-

30

Broadening---

Slowly, softly, & sweetly



a. A mer - ry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile - a.

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